

Everyone deserves to be happy [2]

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Body Hello, it's me again. This is the second part of the story. I wrote both parts on separate days, but I probably won't get around to putting them up until the same day. Oh, well. So you won't have to wait for the second part. From what I hear, that is a problem with some writers. I'm not bashing anyone, merely saying that the fics I read, the authors have apologized for long delays. Whatever. I shut up now. Here story.

Everyone deserves to be happy [pt 2]

A week had passed since Bulma and Yamcha had broken up, and she hadn't thought of him in days. She sat in her lab, trying to perfect some saijin food capsules. She had decided on that project because Vegeta always complained about her cooking, and because he had been so nice to her when she really needed it. _Yamcha never did that for me. He always left because he didn't know what to do_ she thought. She stopped what she was doing and rubbed her eyes. Now that she thought about it, what Vegeta had done was kind of odd, considering he was supposed to hate her. _Maybe he doesn't hate me after all_ she thought. She laughed to herself at the thought of Vegeta going to a club or fancy restaurant with some friends. Just the idea of Vegeta dancing at a club sent her into gales of laughter. She looked at the clock and realized she had spent most of the day playing with that project. She went off to the kitchen to make Vegeta's lunch.

She was just putting his sandwich in the fridge when Vegeta walked in. When she saw him, she couldn't help herself from thinking of him dancing again and that sent her into another laughing fit. "What's with you, woman? Can't I eat my food in peace?" he said. "Oh, of course Vegeta. I just thought of the silliest thing all of a sudden, that's all" she said between giggles. He snorted and shoved the rest of his sandwich in his mouth. "You know, Vegeta, if you keep eating

like that, you'll choke on something" Bulma said. She leaned against the fridge and looked at him critically. "You should probably take a day off or something, too. You look a little worn out" she continued. "Leave me alone. I only look worn out because I have to put up with your constant human nonsense. Go away, woman" Vegeta said. He got up and left his plate on the table. "Hey! Clean up your mess! I'm not you're maid!" Bulma yelled after him. Vegeta turned around and put on what he hoped was his best scowl. "I am the Prince of all Saijins. Such work is beneath me" he said. "Oh yeah? Well, I don't see you doing anything princely except train, and that doesn't seem princely at all to me" Bulma said. "My training is more important than your stupid feelings woman. You're wasting my time" he said. He turned to leave, but out the corner of his eye, he saw Bulma pick up the plate and get ready to throw it at him. He turned back around in time to catch the plate and crumble it into little bits. "Now it's your mess, and you didn't even hit me with it. I guess I couldn't expect too much from a weak human woman, can I?" he asked. He grinned as she turned bright red and started to yell. "VEGETA, YOU ARE THE MOST UNGRATEFUL PERSON I'VE EVER MET! OH WAIT, YAMCHA WAS UNGRATEFUL TOO." she screamed after him. "How DARE you compare me to that weak human! He is no where near my level!" Vegeta said, now almost yelling himself. "Physical strength isn't the only thing that counts, Vegeta. There are other things that give people strength, you know" she said. "Oh really? Like those petty emotions of yours that make you cry and scream for no reason? Ha! Why would I need anything like that?" he asked. Bulma smiled before she said, "You were almost screaming yourself, Vegeta. Looks like you have emotions, too." She turned and walked back to her lab before Vegeta could think up something to counter that with.

Vegeta went back to his training, but he couldn't concentrate. The woman was right. He had been about to loose it with her. He also couldn't help but think about how she had cried in his arms not nearly a week ago. Why had he let her do that? He didn't know. It infuriated him that the woman could interrupt his training like this, even if she didn't know she was doing it. "I've been around these humans too long. As soon as I reach SSJ, I'm leaving the galaxy" he said. He powered up and let himself feel the power rush through his body. He turned the gravity up to two hundred, then pushed the button that released the "enemies" Mr. Briefs had created for him to train with. He suddenly let out a huge power blast that incinerated them all, but he still wasn't concentrating completely. The blast got out of control and knocked out some of the supports in the floor. He threw his arms over his head as the top of the chamber came crashing down around him. He ran for the door, but only made it halfway out before the whole thing collapsed. When Bulma came running up to see what had happened, she found Vegeta half buried under the rubble of the gravity chamber.

Vegeta opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling of the medical ward in Capsule Corp. He tried to sit up, but that sent a bolt of pain through his back and legs. He lay back down and closed his eyes. A few broken bones, some pulled muscles, I'll be fine in a few days he thought. Bulma walked in and tip - toed across the floor and sat in the chair by Vegeta's bed. She busied herself with checking the bandages. Finally Vegeta opened his eyes and looked at her. Her hair was a little mussed. "Why aren't you working on the gravity chamber, woman?" he said, making her jump. "I don't have time to fix it right now. I have other things to do. Caring for you, and then there's taking over Capsule Corp. Mother thinks you'll be better in time to

attend the party. And don't start the 'I am the Prince of Whatever, I am above that puny human junk' because you won't have anything better to do. I won't start on the gravity chamber until well after the party" Bulma said. She finished messing with his bandages and went to the sink and filled a large basin with water. As she was bringing it back to the bed, Vegeta put in his protests. "I will attend no such thing. And you have to work on the gravity room. How else am I supposed to train? Woman, what are you doing?" he asked. She had flung back the sheets and was busily trying to get his shirt off. "Giving you a bath. You need one. And as far as training goes, you can wear weighted clothes and spar with Goku. You will attend. I imagine as a Prince, you had to do things like that on you're planet. It is the princely thing to do. We would be honored to have you" she said. She wet a cloth and began washing his face to stymie any protests he had this time. When she sloshed the cloth in the basin again, Vegeta let out a long stream of curses against the whole human race and Goku. "Leave me be woman. You cleaned me. So go now. I guess I shall have to find something to do with myself since I won't be training for awhile" he said. Bulma started to rub the cloth around his neck and down his chest, while fending off his attempts to make her stop. "Quit being a baby about this, Vegeta! You smell bad enough already. The less you fight, the sooner it will be over, okay?" Bulma said. She would, normally, have just given up, but she was enjoying touching his chest, even if it was through the cloth. "I am the Prince of Saijins! I do not need to be babied! I can do it myself!" Vegeta said. He would have shouted, but he had an idea that that would cause further injury. Also, he sort of liked Bulma's soft touch. He stared at her, wondering how such a weak human woman could do this to him. Bulma finished his torso and was about to pull the covers down further when she noticed Vegeta staring at her. She flushed and left the covers alone. She put the washcloth on the side of the sink to dry, then emptied the water into the sink. "Bulma" Vegeta said. She turned around, surprised at hearing him say her name. "I will go to your party. But don't expect anything more than that. You'll be lucky if I decide not to frighten all the other pitiful humans that will be there" he said. He thought that sounded like the stupidest thing he ever could have said in his life. I really have been on this planet too long. I'm even being nice to this human woman. he thought, then realized he had actually called her by name. He watched her walk over to the bed. She bent over and whispered in his ear, "Thank you Vegeta. It means a lot to me." She kissed his forehead lightly and left the room. Vegeta looked at the closed door and said, "You're welcome, Bulma."

End pt 2.

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